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BOOK OF SONGS



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
Emporia, Kansas



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Emporia, Kansas



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C.R.C.

KANSAS STATE PRINTING PLANT
IMRI ZUMWALT, STATE PRINTER
TOPEKA. 1919

8-1328

7-67-6
1921-7-1921

131

K. S. N. SONGS.

1. NORMAL TOAST.

(To be sung twice.)

Normal hail, Normal hail,
K. S. N. forever,
Praise to thee once again,
Sing we to our Alma Mater.
Rah! Rah! Rah! to K. S. N.

2.

Yo-ho! Yo-ho! Yo-ho!
It's Kansas Normal, Emporia Normal,
Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-ho!

3. BOOLA SONG.

Old Normal's going to win, we say,
Old Normal's going to win;
Old Normal's going to win, we say,
Old Normal's going to win.
So we'll cheer for Old Normal,
Our Normal, dear Normal,
And we'll cheer for Old Normal,
Our dear old K. S. N.

Boolah —

When we come to Kansas Normal
Then we'll sing our Roria Song,
Roria, Roria —
When we leave thee, Alma Mater,
Still we will praise thee loud and long.

4. ALMA MATER K. S. N.

TUNE: *Maryland*.

In Kansas fair, where vales of sheen
Spread nature's wealth before our eyes,
Two rivers join their banks of green
And stately halls of learning rise.

REFRAIN.

Oh, Alma Mater, K. S. N.,
Thy glory perish never!
We raise our voices once again
To sing thy praises ever.

Broad western prairies bright with gold
 Flaunt wide thy colors in the sun;
 Thus shall thy fame for aye be told
 As long as time and tide shall run.

Refrain.

Thy valiant sons and daughters fair,
 When our brief day has turned to night,
 Will 'neath thy banner golden, dare
 To strive for learning, truth and right.

Refrain.

5. THE ALPHABET.

TUNE: *Yankee Doodle.*

If a rural school I ever get,
 Out on the Kansas prairies,
 'Tis thus I'll teach the alphabet
 To all the Johns and Marys:

REFRAIN.

“Never say your ‘letters’ wrong,
 Don’t ‘A-B-C’ again!
 And mind U, for the alphabet
 Begins with K-S-N.”

When I a principal become,
 My teachers old and new
 Will toe the mark and sit up some
 When they get this review:

Refrain.

A superintendent yet I'll be,
 And gather some renown;
 I'll have one grand old spelling bee,
 And thus will teach the town:

Refrain.

If the nomination I'd accept,
 As governor, I'd be great;
 I'd simplify the spelling books,
 And proclaim this to the state:

Refrain.

The “N. E. A.” would sure say “Yes,”
 If they met here once, and then
 The alphabet of the whole U. S.
 Would begin with K. S. N.

Refrain.

6a. NOW FOR A SONG.

TUNE: *Auld Lang Syne.*

(To be sung in quick *tempo.*)

Now for a song to K. S. N.,
And sing it o'er and o'er,
We will join and praise her once again,
We love her as of yore;
So here's to Kansas Normal fair,
All loyal maids and men,
Come join our song and praise prolong
Of dear old K. S. N.

What though the tide of years may roll
And drift us far apart,
For Kansas Normal still there'll be
A place in every heart;
In College days we sang thy praise,
And when beyond thy ken
In memory we still shall be
At dear old K. S. N.

6b. ROUND.

TUNE: *Row, Row.*

Hear, Hear, Hear our cheer
Sing it once again
We'll never, no never, endeavor to sever
Our ties from K. S. N.

7. FAITHFUL AND LOYAL.

Faithful and ever loyal,
Let us boost for K. S. N.,
Let every heart sing,
Let every voice ring,
'Tis our victory once again,
'Tis ever onward our goal pursuing,
For the game now we are sure to win,
So united we will sing and shout
For K. S. N.

8. ALL HAIL, KANSAS NORMAL.TUNE: *The Lorelei.*

All hail to thee, Kansas Normal!
 We gratefully sing thy praise;
 And cherish most fondly in memory
 The joys of our old college days.
 Whatever the future may bring us,
 And tho' life may part our ways,
 "All hail to thee, Kansas Normal!"
 Shall our loyal voices raise.

All hail to thee, Kansas Normal!
 Illustrious be thy name;
 The fullness of time has endeared thee,
 Increasing, enduring thy fame.
 So then to thy banner so golden
 Our tribute of praises we bring;
 "All hail to thee, Kansas Normal!"
 Thy sons shall loyally sing.

9. VIVE LA K. S. N.!

Come every good fellow and join in our song,
 Vive la, K. S. N.!
 As merrily now we go rolling along,
 Vive la, K. S. N.!

REFRAIN

Vive la, vive la, K. S. N.!
 Vive la, vive la, K. S. N.!
 Join in our song;
 Shout loud and long,
 Vive la, K. S. N.!

The K. S. N. team on their laurels ne'er rest,
 Vive la, K. S. N.!
 'Till throughout the broad West they're acknowledged the best,
 Vive la, K. S. N.!

Refrain.

Whenever they play, we'll give them the yell,
 Vive la, K. S. N.!
 At Topeka, Manhattan the home field as well,
 Vive la, K. S. N.!

Refrain.

When homeward from vict'ry our athletes are borne,
 Vive la, K. S. N.!
 We assemble to greet them with bonfire and horn,
 Vive la, K. S. N.!

Refrain.

Then rally round, fellows; give our heroes a toast,
Vive la, K. S. N.!

May their vict'ries increase and their strength be our boast,
Vive la, K. S. N.!

Refrain.

10. NORMAL WILL SHINE.

Normal will shine to-night,
Normal will shine;
We'll shine in beauty bright
All down the line;
We're all dressed up to-night,
That's one good sign,
When the sun goes down and the moon comes up,
Normal will shine.

11. WE'LL CHEER FOR OLD NORMAL.

We'll cheer for Kansas Normal, Old Normal and Old Gold,
We'll cheer for Kansas Normal, in our coffins when we're cold;
And when we get to Heaven, we'll give the Normal yell,
And if we're not so fortunate, we'll give it down in _____
Cheer, boys, cheer, Old Normal's got the ball.
Cheer, boys, cheer, Oh won't they take a fall!
For when we hit that line, they'll have no line at all.
There'll be a hot time at the Normal to-night.

12. GIVE A CHEER FOR NORMAL.

Give a cheer for Normal,
Normal's going to win!
Fight to the finish,
Never once give in.

Fight from the start,
Till the game is done,
For that's the way in ev'ry fray
Old Normal's games are won.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Fight from the start,
Till the game is done,
For that's the way in ev'ry fray
Old Normal's games are won.

13. K. S. N.

K. S. N., K. S. N.
 We're the finest in the land;
 Play football to beat the band,
 K. S. N., K. S. N.
 Hoke 'em, poke 'em, soak 'em, choke 'em,
 K. S. N.

14. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH NORMAL?

What's the matter with Normal?
 She's all right!
 What's the matter with Normal?
 She's all right!
 Oh how can _____ expect to win
 When the Normal boys never will give in?
 What's the matter with Normal?
 She's all right!
 What's the matter with _____?
 She's all in.

[Repeat.]

Oh how can _____ expect to win
 When the Normal team never will give in?
 What's the matter with _____?
 She's all in!

15. THE JAYHAWKER'S SONG.

I'm a Jayhawker boy from a Jayhawker state;
 I wear Jayhawker hats on a Jayhawker pate;
 I ride a Jayhawker horse in a Jayhawker way;
 In the Jayhawker state I have settled to stay.

CHORUS.

Don't you hear the voices from the west,
 The bells that ring, the song that we love best?
 It tells of life in the free and happy plain,
 And of a warm heart at the old home to-night.

Jayhawker!

Hear it! hear it! so strong and so clear:
 The bells they ring and the wild prairies sing,
 For the Jayhawker boys and the Jayhawker girls
 And find a warm heart in the old home to-night.

I've a Jayhawker girl with a Jayhawker face;
 She wears Jayhawker flowers with a Jayhawker grace;
 She sings Jayhawker songs with a Jayhawker voice,
 And the Jayhawker state is her own free choice.

Chorus.

ROUNDS.

16. ARE YOU SLEEPING?

(4-part.)

Are you sleeping, are you sleeping?
Brother John, Brother John;
Morning bells are ringing, Morning bells are ringing:
Ding, ding, dong, ding, ding, dong.

17. GOOD NIGHT TO YOU ALL.

(3-part.)

Good night to you all, and sweet be your sleep:
May silence surround you, your slumber be deep:
Good night, good night, good night, good night.

18. LOVELY EVENING.

(3-part.)

Oh, how lovely is the evening, is the evening,
When the bells are sweetly ringing, sweetly ringing!
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

19. THREE BLIND MICE.

(3-part.)

Three blind mice, three blind mice,
See how they run! See how they run!
They all ran after the farmers' wife,
She cut off their tails with a carving knife;
Did you ever see such a thing in your life
As three blind mice.

20. MY DAME HAS A LAME TAME CRANE.

(4-part.)

My dame has a lame tame crane,
My dame has a crane that is lame,
Pray, gentle Jane, let my crane that is lame
Eat, and come home again.

(?)

COLLEGE SONGS.

21. AMICI.

Our strong band can ne'er be broken,
It can never die;

Far surpassing wealth unspoken,
Sealed by friendship's tie.

Amici us que ad aras,
Deep graven on each heart,
Shall be found unwav'ring, true,
When we from life shall part.

Mem'rys leaflets close shall twine
Around our hearts for aye,
And waft us back, o'er life's broad track,
To pleasures long gone by.

Amici us que ad aras,
Deep graven on each heart,
Shall be found unwav'ring, true,
When we from life shall part.

22. CROW SONG.

There were three crows sat on a tree,
O Billy Magee Magar!

There were three crows sat on a tree,
O Billy Magee Magar!

There were three crows sat on a tree,
And they were black as crows could be,
And they all flapped their wings and cried—
Caw, Caw, Caw,
Billy Magee Magar,
And they all flapped their wings and cried—
Billy Magee Magar!

Said one old crow unto his mate,
O Billy Magee Magar!

Said one old crow unto his mate,
O Billy Magee Magar!

Said one old crow unto his mate,
“What shall we do for grub to ate?”
And they all flapped their wings and cried—
Caw, Caw, Caw,
Billy Magee Magar,
And they all flapped their wings and cried—
Billy Magee Magar!

23. CO-CA-CHE-LUNK.

When we first came on this campus,
Freshmen we as green as grass;
Now as grave and reverend Seniors
Smile we over the verdant pass.

CHORUS.

Cocachelunkchelunkchelaly, Cocachelunkchelunkchelaly,
Cocachelunkchelunkchelaly, Hi! O chikachelunkchelaly.

We have fought the fight together,
We have struggled side by side;
Broken is the bond that held us
We must cut our sticks and slide.

Some will go to Greece or Turkey,
Some to Halifax or Rome;
Some to Greenland's Icy Mountains,
More, perhaps, will stay at home.

When we come again together,
Viogintennial to pass,
Wives and children all included,
Won't we be an uproarious class.

24. NELLY WAS A LADY.

Down on the Mississippi floating,
Long time I trabbel o'er the way;
All night the cottonwood I'se toting,
Singing for my true lub all the day.

CHORUS.

Nelly was a lady, last night she died;
Toll the bell for lubly Nell, my dark Virginia bride.
Oh, Nelly was a lady, last night she died;
Toll the bell for lubly Nell, my darky bride.
Oh, Nelly was a lady, last night she died;
Toll the bell for lubly Nell, my darky bride.

Now I'se unhappy, and I'se weeping,
Can't tote de cottonwood no more.
Last night when Nelly was asleeping,
Death came a-knocking at the door.

Chorus

Nelie was a lady, she was; Las' night she died, she did;
Toll the bell for lubly Nell, my dark Virginia bride, she was.

25. JINGLE, BELLS.

Dashing thro' the snow,
 In a one-horse open sleigh;
 O'er the fields we go,
 Laughing all the way;
 Bells on bobtail ring
 Making spirits bright;
 What fun it is to ride, and sing
 A sleighing song tonight.

CHORUS.

Jingle bells, Jingle bells,
 Jingle all the way;
 Oh, what fun it is to ride
 In a one-horse open sleigh.
 Jingle bells, Jingle bells,
 Jingle all the way;
 Oh, what fun it is to ride
 In a one-horse open sleigh.

A day or two ago
 I thought I'd take a ride,
 And soon Miss Fannie Bright
 Was seated by my side.
 The horse was lean and lank;
 Misfortune seem'd his lot;
 He got into a drifted bank,
 And there we got upset.

Chorus.

Now the ground is white;
 Go it while you're young;
 Take the girls to-night,
 And sing this sleighing song;
 Just get a bobtail'd bay,
 Two forty for his speed;
 Then hitch him to an open sleigh,
 And crack, you'll take the lead.

Chorus.

26. STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

Stars of the summer night,
 Far in yon azure deep,
 Hide, hide your golden light,
 She sleeps, my lady sleeps,
 She sleeps, She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Moon of the summer night,
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light,
She sleeps, my lady sleeps,
She sleeps, She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Dreams of the summer night,
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch, while, in slumber light,
She sleeps, my lady sleeps,
She sleeps, She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

27. THE QUILTING PARTY.

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the bank the pale moon shone;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

CHORUS.

I was seeing Nellie home,
I was seeing Nellie home;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

On my arm a soft hand rested,
Rested light as ocean foam;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

Chorus.

On my lips a whisper trembled,
Trembled till it dared to come;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

Chorus.

On my life new hopes were dawning,
And those hopes have lived and grown;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

Chorus.

28. THE LITTLE OLD RED SHAWL.

Oh, that little old red shawl,
 That little old red shawl,
 The little old red shawl my mother wore;
 It was tatter'd, it was torn,
 It showed signs of being worn,
 That little old red shawl my mother wore.

 On the night before she died
 She called me to her side
 And gave to me that little old red shawl.
 Oh, that little old red shawl,
 That little old red shawl,
 That little old red shawl my mother wore.

29. LEVEE SONG.

REFRAIN.

I been wukkin' on de railroad
 All de livelong day;
 I been wukkin' on de railroad
 Ter pass de time away.
 Doan' yuh hyah de whistle blowin'?
 Rise up so uhly in de mawn.
 Doan' yuh hyah de cap'n shoutin'
 "Dinah blow you hawn?"

 Sing a song o' the city,
 Roll dat cotton bale;
 Niggah ain' haif so happy
 As when he's out of jail;
 Norfolk foah its oystah shells,
 Boston foah its beans,
 Charleston foah its rice an' cawn,
 But foah niggahs New Awleans.

Refrain.

30. DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

Way down in the meadow where the lily first blows,
 Where the wind from the mountains ne'er ruffles the rose,
 Lives fond Evelina, the sweet little dove,
 The pride of the valley, the girl that I love.

CHORUS

Dear Evelina, sweet Evelina.
 My love for thee shall never, never, die;
 Dear Evelina, sweet Evelina.
 My love for thee shall never, never die!

She's fair like a rose, like a lamb she is meek,
And she never was known to put paint on her cheek;
In the most graceful curls hangs her raven black hair,
And she never requires perfumery there.

Chorus.

Evelina and I one fine evening in June
Took a walk all alone by the light of the moon;
The planets all shone, for the heavens were clear,
And I felt 'round the heart tremendously queer.

Chorus.

Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dollar;
Evelina still lives in the green grassy holler;
Although I am fated to marry her never,
I've sworn that I'll love her for ever and ever.

Chorus.

31. MY BONNIE.

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea,
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

CHORUS.

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie
to me, to me;
Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed;
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead.

Chorus.

Oh, blow, ye winds, over the ocean,
And blow, ye winds, over the sea;
Oh, blow, ye winds, over the ocean,
And bring back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus.

The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea;
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And bro't back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus.

32. ON THE CHAPEL STEPS.

Here at the pleasant twilight hour,
 When daily tasks are o'er,
 We gather on the chapel steps
 To sing our songs once more.

The braided branches of the elms
 In silence bend to hear,
 And hoary walls, and ancient halls
 Ring back our tones of cheer.

From ev'ry haunted niche a voice
 That sang in other days,
 The current of its hopes and joys
 Runs softly neath our lays.
 Oh, student songs, no mimic arts
 Your inborn charm can gain;
 Ye cheer our thirsty, dusty hearts
 Like chiming drops of rain.

When far away in future days,
 Life's surfeit on us palls;
 When vigils cease and turmoil stays,
 These ivy mantled walls,
 From ev'ry softly waving leaf,
 Will send some soothing strain
 To lure us gently from our grief,
 And give us heart again.

And so, tho' far from college halls,
 We sing our songs once more;
 To cheer our hearts with mem'ries fond
 Of days that are of yore;
 Those days and years with pleasure bright
 Passed by on pinions fleet,
 But left behind them in their flight
 Our friendships, oh, how sweet.

33. RIG-A-JIG.

As I was walking down the street,
 Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o,
 A pretty girl I chanced to meet,
 Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o.

Rig-a-jig, jig, and away we go, away we go, away we go.
 Rig-a-jig, jig, and away we go, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o.
 Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o,
 Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o.
 Rig-a-jig, jig, and away we go, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o.

34. A CAPITAL SHIP.

(Sailors' Chantey.)

A capital ship for an ocean trip
Was the Walloping Window Blind;
No wind that blew dismayed her crew,
Or troubled the captain's mind;
The man at the wheel was made to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow-ow-ow,
Tho' it often appeared, when the gale had cleared,
That he'd been in his bunk below.

CHORUS.

Then blow, ye winds, heigh ho,
A roving I will go,
I'll stay no more on England's shore,
So let the music play ay ay,
I'm off for the morning train,
I'll cross the raging main,
I'm off to my love with a boxing glove,
Ten thousand miles away.

The bo'swain's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement too;
He played hopscotch with the starboard watch,
While the captain, he tickled the crew;
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
For he sat on the after rai-ai-ail,
And fired salutes with the captain's boots,
In the teeth of the blooming gale.

Chorus.

The captain sat on the commodore's hat
And dined in a royal way,
Off toasted pigs and pickled figs
And gunnery bread each day.
And the cook was Dutch, and behaved as such;
For the diet he gave the crew-ew-ew
Was a number of tons of hot cross buns
Served up with sugar and glue.

Chorus.

All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles where the Poopoo smiles,
And the rubbly Updugs roar;
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee;
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shiny sea.

Chorus.

On Rugbug bark, from morn till dark,
 We dined till we all had grown
 Uncommonly shrunk; when a Chinese junk
 Came up from the Torriby Zone.
 She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care,
 So we cheerily put to sea-ee-ee
 And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
 On the bark of the Rugbug tree.

Chorus.

35. THE BULL-DOG.

Oh! the bull-dog on the bank,
 And the bull-frog in the pool;
 Oh! the bull-dog on the bank,
 And the bull-frog in the pool.

CHORUS.

Oh! the bull-dog on the bank,
 And the bull-frog in the pool;
 The bulldog called the bull-frog
 A green old water-fool.
 Singing tra la la la leil-i-o,
 Singing tra la la la leil-i-o,
 Singing tra la la la la la,
 Singing tra la la la la la,
 Tra la la la, tra la la la,
 Tra la la la liel-i-o.

Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him
 And the snapper caught his paw;
 (Twice repeated.)

The pollywog died a-laughing
 To see him wag his jaw.

Says the monkey to the owl,
 "Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
 "Why, since you are so very kind,
 I'll take a bottle of ink."

Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
 Little Moses in the pool;
 She fished him out with a telegraph pole,
 And sent him off to school.

36. GO DOWN, MOSES.

When Israel was in Egypt's land:
 Let my people go;
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
 Let my people go.

CHORUS.

Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land,
Tell ole Pharaoh,
Let my people go.

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
 Let my people go;
If not I'll smite your first-born dead,
 Let my people go.

Go down, Moses, etc.

O, 'twas a dark and dismal night,
 Let my people go;
When Moses led the Israelites,
 Let my people go.

Go down, Moses, etc.

As Israel stood by the water side,
 Let my people go;
At the command of God it did divide,
 Let my people go.

Go down, Moses, etc.

When they had reached the other shore,
 Let my people go;
They sang the song of triumph o'er,
 Let my people go.

Go down, Moses, etc.

Pharaoh said he would go across,
 Let my people go;
But Pharaoh and his host were lost,
 Let my people go.

Go down, Moses, etc.

Jordan shall stand up like a wall,
 Let my people go;
And the walls of Jericho shall fall,
 Let my people go.

Go down, Moses, etc.

Your foes shall not before you stand,
 Let my people go;
And you'll possess fair Canaan's land,
 Let my people go.

Go down, Moses, etc.

37. SOLOMON LEVI.

My name is Solomon Levi,
 At my store in Chatham street,
 There's where you'll find your coats and vests,
 And ev'rything else that's neat;
 I've second-handed ulsterettes,
 And ev'rything that's fine,
 For all the boys they trade with me,
 At one hundred and forty nine.

CHORUS.

Oh, Solomon Levi, Levi, tra, la, la, la;
 Poor Mister Levi,
 Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 My name is Solomon Levi,
 At my store in Chatham street,
 There's where you'll find your coats and vests,
 And ev'rything that's neat;
 I've second-handed ulsterettes,
 And ev'rything else that's fine,
 For all the boys they trade with me,
 At one hundred and forty-nine.

But when a bummer comes inside
 My store in Chatham street,
 And tries to hang me up for coat
 And vest and pants complete.
 I kicks that bummer out of my store,
 And on him sets my pup,
 For I won't sell clothes to any man
 That tries to hang me up.

38. THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

There's music in the air,
 When the infant morn is nigh,
 And faint its blush is seen
 On the bright and laughing sky.
 Many a harp's ecstatic sound
 Thrills us with its joy profound,
 While we list, enchanted there,
 To the music in the air.

There's music in the air,
 When the noontide's sultry beam
 Reflects a golden light
 On the distant mountain stream.
 When beneath some grateful shade
 Sorrow's aching head is laid.
 Sweetly to the spirit there
 Comes the music in the air.

There's music in the air,
When the twilight's gentle sigh
Is lost on evening's breast,
As its pensive beauties die;
Then, O then, the loved ones gone
Wake the pure celestial song;
Angelic voices greet us there,
In the music in the air.

39. POLLY WOLLY DOODLE.

Oh, I went down south for to see my Sal,
Sing Pollywollydoodle all the day;
My Sal she am a spunky gal,
Sing Pollywollydoodle all the day.

CHORUS.

Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Fare thee well, my fairy fay,
For I'm off to Louisiana
For to see my Susyanna;
Sing Pollywollydoodle all the day.

Oh, my Sal, she am a maiden fair;
Sing Pollywollydoodle all the day;
With curly eyes and laughing hair,
Sing Pollywollydoodle all the day;

Chorus.

Oh, I came to a river, an' I couldn't get across,
Sing Pollywollydoodle all the day.

An' I jumped upon a nigger, an' I tho't he was a hoss;
Sing Pollywollydoodle all the day.

Chorus.

40. O, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE.

In a cabin, in a cañon, an excavation for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, a forty-niner, and his daughter Clementine.

CHORUS.

O my darling, O my darling, O my darling Clementine,
You are lost and gone forever; drefful sorry, Clementine.

She drove her ducklets to the river ev'ry morning just at nine;
Stubbed her toe against a sliver, fell into the foaming brine.

Chorus.

Ruby lips above the water blowing bubbles soft and fine;
Alas for me, I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.

Chorus.

PATRIOTIC AND POPULAR SONGS.

41. AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL.

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain.
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness.
America! America! God mend thine ev'ry flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self control,
Thy liberty in law.

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life.
America! America! May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And ev'ry gain divine.

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears.
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

42. THE HOME ROAD.

Sing a Hymn of Freedom, fling the banner high!
Sing the songs of Liberty, songs that shall not die;
For the long, long road to Tipperary
Is the road that leads me home,
O'er hills and plains, by lakes and lanes,
My woodlands! my cornfields! my country! my home!

In the quiet hours of the starry night
Dream the dreams of far away home fires burning bright.
For the long, long road to Tipperary
Is the road that leads me home,
O'er hills and plains, by lakes and lanes,
My woodlands! my cornfield! my country! my home!

43. THE U. S. A. FOREVER.

Come, all who live in the U. S. A.,
Join in our song and sing to-day,
Work away, work away, for the land of the free;
United, firm, with every state,
To make a nation good and great,
Work away, work away, for the land of the free.

CHORUS.

The U. S. A. forever, hurray! hurray!
The Stars and Stripes shall wave above
The U. S. A. forever.
Hurray! hurray! the U. S. A. forever!
Hurray! hurray! the Stars and Stripes forever.

The North and South, the East and West,
We love them all, for all are best,
Work away, work away, for the land of the free;
United States and hearts and hands
Will make the greatest of all lands,
Work away, work away, for the land of the free.

Chorus.

44. THE LONG, LONG TRAIL.

Nights are growing very lonely,
Days are very long;
I'm a-growing weary only
List'ning for your song.
Old remembrances are thronging
Through my memory,
Till it seems the world is full of dreams,
Just to call you back to me.

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And the white moon beams;
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

45. MEN OF HARLECH.

Men of Harlech! in the hollow,
 Do you hear, like rushing billow,
 Wave on wave that surging follow,
 Battle's distant sound?
 'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen, Saxon spearmen,
 Saxon bowmen; be they knights, or hinds or yeomen,
 They shall bite the ground!
 Loose the folds asunder, flag we conquer under!
 The placid skies that hear our cries
 Shall launch their bolts in thunder!
 Onward! 'tis our country needs us!
 He is bravest, he who leads us!
 Honor's self now proudly leads us!
 Freedom, God and Right!

Men of Harlech! Honor calls us!
 No proud Saxon e'er appals us!
 On we march whate'er befalls us;
 Never shall we fly!
 Tho' our mothers may be weeping,
 Tho' our sisters may be keeping
 Watch for some who now are sleeping
 On the battlefield!
 Forward, lightly bounding,
 Hear the trumpet sounding,
 Forward, ever, backward never,
 This proud foe astounding.
 Fight for father, sister, mother,
 Each is bound to each as brother,
 With this faith in one another
 We will win or die!

46. KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING.

They were summoned from the hillside,
 They were called in from the glen,
 And the country found them ready at the
 stirring call for men.
 Let no tears add to their hardships, as the sol-
 diers pass along,
 And although your heart is breaking,
 Make it sing this cheery song.

REFRAIN.

Keep the home-fires burning
 While your hearts are yearning.
 Though your lads are far away
 They dream of home;
 There's a silver lining
 Through the dark cloud shining;
 Turn the dark cloud inside out,
 Till the boys come home.

Over seas there came a pleading,
"Help a nation in distress!"
And we gave our glorious laddies;
Honor bade us do no less.
For no gallant son of freedom to a tyrant's
yoke should bend;
And a noble heart must answer to the sacred
call of "friend."

Refrain.

47. PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES.

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile.
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while,
So pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And smile, smile, smile.

48. "TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu;
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you,
Then the sky will seem more blue
Down in lover's lane, my dearie;
Wedding bells will ring so merrily,
Every tear will be a memory,
So wait and pray each night for me
Till we meet again.

49. SMILES.

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the sadness
As the sunbeam steals away the dew;
There are smiles that have a tender meaning
That the eyes of Love alone can see,
But the smiles that fill my heart with gladness
Are the smiles that you gave to me.

SONGS OF SENTIMENT.

50. CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow.
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go;
There's where I labor'd so hard for old massa,
Day after day in the field of yellow corn;
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the State where I was born.

REFRAIN.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go.

51. BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMs.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart,
Would entwine itself verdantly still!

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which he turned when he rose!

52. SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT.

I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home,
A band of Angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

REFRAIN.

Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot, Coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do,
Coming for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'm coming too,
Coming for to carry me home.

Refrain.

The brightest day that ever I saw,
Coming for to carry me home,
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Coming for to carry me home.

Refrain.

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Coming for to carry me home,
But still my soul feels heay'nly bound,
Coming for to carry me home.

Refrain.

53. LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song;
And in the dusk where fell the fire-light gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

CHORUS.

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows, softly come and go,
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song,
Comes Love's old sweet song.
Even to-day we hear Love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells forever more,
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,
Still we can hear it at the close of day;
So till the end when Life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

54. SWEET AND LOW.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea;
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea;
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me,
 While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west,
 Under the silver moon.
 Sleep my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

55. JUANITA.

Soft o'er the fountain,
 Ling'ring falls the southern moon;
 Far o'er the mountain,
 Breaks the day too soon!
 In thy dark eyes' splendor,
 Where the warm light loves to dwell,
 Weary looks, yet tender,
 Speak their fond farewell.
 Nita! Juanita!
 Ask thy soul if we should part!
 Nita! Juanita!
 Lean thou on my heart.

When in thy dreaming,
 Moons like these shall shine again,
 And daylight beaming,
 Prove thy dreams are vain,
 Wilt thou not, relenting,
 For thine absent lover sigh?
 In thy heart consenting
 To a prayer gone by?
 Nita! Juanita!
 Let me linger by thy side!
 Nita! Juanita!
 Be my own fair bride.

56. OUT ON THE DEEP.

Out on the deep, when the sun is low,
And the sea with splendor burns,
With his scaly spoil, from his evening toil,
The fisherman homeward turns,
And his oars flash bright in the ocean light,
And he knows that eyes on shore
Look out on the deep for his bright oar sweep,
And he sings as he swings his oar:
“A long sweep, lads, and a strong sweep, boys,
And a song as along we go,
For the hearts that yearn for our home return,
When the evening sun is low,
When the evening sun is low.”

Out on the deep, when the sun is dead,
And the first sweet star doth gleam,
Of a day that is dead, and a love that is fled,
The fisher oft will dream;
And he thinks, tho’ far, like that first bright star,
She is still beside as of yore,
And his oars gleam bright in its sweet pale light,
And he sighs as he plies his oar:
“A slow sweep, lads, and a low sweep, boys,
And a song as along we go,
For the star of Love, that is bright above,
And its gleam in the wave below,
And its gleam in the wave below.”

57. FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes;
Flow gently, I’ll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary’s asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds from the hill,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny dell,
Thou green-crested lap-wing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills!
There daily I wander, as morn rises high,
My flocks and my Mary’s sweet cot in my eye.
How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
There oft, as mild evening creeps over the lea,
The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As, gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave!
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays:
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

58. ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
 Where early fa's the dew,
 And it's there that Annie Laurie
 Gave me her promise true,
 Gave me her promise true,
 Which ne'er forgot will be;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
 Her throat is like the swan,
 Her face it is the fairest
 That e'er the sun shone on,
 That e'er the sun shone on;
 And dark blue is her e'e.
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

59. DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine,
 Or leave a kiss within the cup,
 And I'll not ask for wine;
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sip
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much hon'ring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be;
 But thou thereon didst only breathe
 And sendst it back to me;
 Since when it grows and smells I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

60. LAST NIGHT.

Last night the nightingale woke me,
Last night when all was still;
It sang in the golden moonlight,
From out the wood-land hill.
I opened my window so gently,
I looked on the dreaming dew,
And oh, the bird, my darling, was singing,
Singing of you, of you.

I think of you in the daytime,
I dream of you by night;
I wake, and would you were here, Love,
And tears are blinding my sight.
I hear a low breath in the lime tree,
The wind is floating through,
And oh, the night, my darling, is sighing,
Sighing for you, for you.

O, think not I can forget you:
I could not though I would.
I see you in all around me,
The stream, the night, the wood,
The flowers that slumber so gently,
The stars above the blue.
Oh Heaven itself, my darling, is praying,
Praying for you, for you.

61. OLD BLACK JOE.

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away;
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

CHORUS.

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low;
I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
Grieving for forms now departed long ago,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Chorus.

62. AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never bro't to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

REFRAIN.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne;
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

We tw' ha'e sported i' the burn
 Frae mornin' sun till dine,
 But seas between us braid ha' roared,
 Sin' auld lang syne.

Refrain.

And here's a hand, my trusting friend'.
 An gie's a hand o' thine;
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

Refrain.

63. SWEET GENEVIEVE.

O Genevieve, I'd give the world,
 To live again the lovely past!
 Thy rose of youth was dew-impearled
 But now it withers in the blast.
 I see thy face in every dream,
 My waking thoughts are full of thee;
 Thy glance is in the starry beam
 That falls along the summer sea.

CHORUS.

O Genevieve, sweet Genevieve!
 The days may come, the days may go.
 But still the hands of mem'ry weave
 The blissful dreams of long ago.

Fair Genevieve, my early love,
 The years but make thee dearer far!
 My heart shall never, never, rove;
 Thou art my only guiding star.
 For me the past has no regret,
 Whate'er the years may bring to me;
 I bless the hour when first we met
 The hour that gave me love and thee!

Chorus.

64. THE OLD CABIN HOME.

I am going far away, far away to leave you now,
 To the Mississippi river I am going,
 I will take my old banjo
 And I'll sing this little song,
 Away down in My Old Cabin Home.

CHORUS.

Down in my Old Cabin Home,
There lies my sister and my brother,
There lies my wife, the joy of my life,
And the child in the grave with its mother.

I am going to leave this land, with this, our darkey band,
To travel all the wide world over,
And when I get tired,
I will settle down to rest,
Away down in my Old Cabin Home.

Chorus.

When old age comes on me,
And my hair is turning gray,
I will hang up the banjo all alone,
I'll sit down by the fire
And I'll pass the time away,
Away down in my Old Cabin Home.

Chorus.

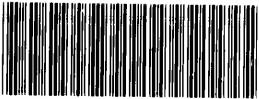
65. LIZETTE.

See these ribbons gayly streaming,
I'm a soldier now, Lizette,
I'm a soldier now, Lizette,
And of battle I am dreaming,
And the honor I shall get.
With a sabre at my side,
And a helmet on my brow,
And a proud steed to ride,
I shall rush on the foe.
Yes, I flatter me, Lizette,
'Tis a life that well will suit;
The gay life of a young recruit,
The gay life of a young recruit.

We will march away to-morrow
At the breaking of the day,
At the breaking of the day,
And the trumpets will be sounding,
And the merry cymbals play.
Yet before I say good-bye,
And a last sad parting take,
As a proof of your love,
Wear this gift for my sake.
Then cheer up, my own Lizette,
Let no grief your beauty stain;
Soon you'll see your recruit again.
Soon you'll see your recruit again.



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